



# Toxicity



dystopia

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## Chapter 1 by Glowy-Druglord

"Damnit!" Plymouth shouted, barely avoiding a bullet. The speed of the projectile made a small dent in his suit, barely missing his chest. His glowing blue visor snapped around, spotting the sniper on his stomach with his rifle mounted on its tripod. He narrowed his eyes behind his visor, taking aim with skilled quickness. With a few squeezes of the trigger, he watched the sniper roll over, blood spilling from his throat. He ducked down behind a large broken piece of a stone watch tower as bullets skimmed the top of his cover, sending dust down over his head.

Toxic was beside him, her breathing labored. He then noticed her hands over her abdomen, scarlet blood leaking from her fingers. She was a medic, but they had to leave their kit in the hands of the Russians in order to get to safety. He swore violently under his breath, shoving his hands down on her stomach.

"Ouch! Fuck Plymouth!" she exclaimed. "Not so hard!"

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